

FACTS AND FANCIES FOR WOMAN AND THE HOME CIRCLE.

THE DAILY SHORT STORY

The Time Clock.

By IZOLA FORRESTER.
(Copyright, 1915, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

"ELL her to come in," ordered Helen, and gave her attention fully to what the assistant sales manager was trying to tell her. "What you need here is a good all-around business manager, Miss Randall. You're tired out from overwork and need a rest."

Helen laughed, glancing up at the clock. "A fine chance I have ever to rest, Mr. Warner. See that the Altoona agency is punched up. They fell below last month. And you'd better get after the Fort Wayne bunch, too. Tucker thinks all he has to do is draw his salary."

The door opened and closed behind her, and she saw Warner look up in surprise at somebody behind her chair. Then the newcomer stepped around the desk, and she saw six-foot-one of sound soldier standing before her in the marine uniform.

"Yes?" Helen asked. "Did you wish to see me?"

"I answered the ad. Shipping clerk, it said. I think I can fill it all right," Helen stared at him. He was tanned and self-possessed, steady eyed, well poised, and yet she noted the lines of anxiety around his mouth and eyes. Warner went back to the outer office, and she questioned the applicant. He was from Texas, he told her. It was a long way back home, and he had to get work at once at something.

"What were you before you went away?" she asked him.

"Sales manager for Searies & Saunders in Austin."

Helen pursed her lips. She had been "forelady" in the white goods stock room then. Fortunes of war had placed her perforce at the big oak desk in the main office, and she was tired out, tired of being a hustler, tired of business and time clocks and the steady, everlasting drive of mercantile life.

"Do you like this sort of work?" she asked.

"I like to win out at anything," he said shortly. "It's the making good that counts."

"You can go down and tell Warner it's all right. He'll introduce you to Doran, the manager of the shipping department. I'll tell Mr. Tuttle I took you on."

All that afternoon she thought of him. He was so different to the men around the office. Even Tuttle himself, when he came in as usual, about 3, after a lunch at some uptown hotel, seemed fidgety beside him. She measured him with a new appraising glance when he came toward her smilingly.

"Don't work too hard, girlie. How are they coming today?"

"All right," she bent over her papers. "Say, Mr. Tuttle, could I take my vacation early this year? I'm tired out."

"Take it when I do, in July, and I'll see that you get a good rest. He sat down on the corner of her desk, smoking comfortably. "My sister's got a little bungalow down at Rockaway. Suppose you stay there. I'll let you and Nell have a car, too. I've told her about you. Told her you'd probably be partner here before you got through; how about it?"

Helen rose impulsively, and laughed back at him. It was not the first time he had intimated that he had his plans for the future, and before, in the tired days, she had almost listened. It wouldn't be so bad, after all, she had reasoned, to rest and have plenty of time and money to do all the things she had longed to do. But now it seemed as if all her world had changed just because one soldier boy had stood there in the office and had brought with him something of another life where labor was not all.

Tuttle did not notice anything between them for weeks. She took her lunch down in a little quiet Greek restaurant off Fourth avenue, and here one day she found her soldier at the next table. They bowed, and Helen smiled over at him in a comradely way.

"Getting along all right?"

"While it lasts," he answered grimly. "I've got a chance to go home, but not in the city. Another friend of mine is going on a ranch, and wants me to go into partnership with him."

"Why don't you?" she asked suddenly. "I would if I had the chance. It must be glorious to be free like that."

After that day they were friends, and usually had lunch together. Tuttle never guessed why the color rose in her cheeks when she refused his offers to lunch up town, and the days slipped by into weeks. Helen began to feel as if she knew that ranch. Steve brought his friend to meet her, a husky Texan boy, with high hopes and plenty of muscle to carry them out.

"Gee, I wouldn't be found dead here in New York," he said joyously. "Nobody ever says hello to you; nobody cares whether you eat or starve. I'm for home quick. Steve, say you like it down there, too."

Steve looked out of the window with sudden intensity, and Helen's voice was a bit uneasy as she answered: "I'd love to go if I had the chance like you boys. Here we all live by the time clock."

Two days later she heard Tuttle quarreling with somebody out in the corridor. The other voice was deep and low. She did not recognize it until Warner burst in asked excitedly for cold water and a towel. She did not question him, but waited for Tuttle himself, sending trouble.

"Tuttle was telling Steve something and he smashed him," she said when he came in. "He's fired."

When Tuttle came in he was nervous and shaken up. "If you're thinking of being partner here you'll cut out going out to lunch with the shipping clerk," he said cuttingly.

"Am going farther than that with him," Helen rose and looked over at him.

"Do, please, I suppose? These fellows in uniform come along and all you girls think of is what they can do."

KEEPING AN EYE ON WOMEN FOLKS

Miss Hannah Patterson, recently awarded the Distinguished Service Medal for work as assistant director of the Council for National Defense, has just been appointed a member of the advisory committee of the War Risk Insurance Bureau.

During the war the number of women workers in Germany increased enormously, between eight and nine millions being employed. The chief increase of women workers was in munition making, smelting and engineering.

Miss Emma O. Lundberg and Walter Treadway of the children's bureau have made a survey of the mental defects in Sussex county, Delaware, which reveals a native American population with 12 defectives per thousand population between the ages of 6 and 20. No provision whatever is made for their care or teaching except the county almshouse.

Mrs. Raymond Robins, social worker, declares the new minimum wage for women just established in the District of Columbia, is too low. The new minimum is \$16.50. Miss Rob-

bins, president of the National Woman's Trade Union League, recommends \$18 weekly as the lowest wage at which a woman may maintain health and working efficiency. It's chief value she finds is that it will enable the women workers to organize for adequate wage demands and will tend to standardize wage conditions where now no standards whatever exist.

The bureau of labor reports that during the war school attendance fell off tremendously, partly because of greatly increased child labor, and partly because 40,000 teachers left the schools to go into better paid war employments.

The end of 1916 in Japan found factory workers including 635,669 women and 458,682 men. The women outnumbered the men by 260,000, and when divided into age groups girl children appear as almost five to one compared with boys. There were 5,671 little girls under 12 years of age at work, and 87,709 girls between the ages of 12 and 15 at work as against only 19,564 boys.

Confessions of a Bride

My Suspicions Gather About My Rival and I Treasure My New Weapon.

Jealousy made my ugly suspicion about Katherine Miller thrive like a weed in a warm rain. Baby Barbara had Katherine's peculiar tint of blond loveliness. There was a strange tawny glow in the child's skin as well as in her hair. And Katherine had both rare beauties. She was truly "a golden girl" of the type which drives artists mad with admiration. The type is found but once in a decade. I had never seen the tigerish yellow tinge of skin except in Katherine and Baby Barbara.

I chided myself on founding so wretched a suspicion on the strange resemblance. Yet I continued to strengthen my theory with the facts about the time of Katherine's disappearance from the city and her long absence. The dates coincided very oddly with the important dates in Barbara's short life.

Only rarely had Katherine made visits to her home in the last few years. It was part of the petty gossip of her set that she had stayed away because she couldn't live in peace with her sisters. It suddenly occurred to me that she probably stayed away because her family didn't approve of her for some reason they didn't advertise.

None of her girl friends had ever taken her war work seriously. She had been overseas, to be sure, but her "dearest" friends agreed that she must have been more ornamental than useful in her war activities.

When she had finally come home to stay, she had selected a date when her family had gone to the mountains. A time, I told myself, when my precious Bob had also come to stay.

I knew that it was perfectly horrid of me to piece these bits of gossip together, but I couldn't fail to see that they fitted each other like sections of a picture puzzle.

while men like you stayed back here and made money. Oh, I know all about you, and I'm tired to death of you and your type, Randy. I'd go with him in a minute if he asked me, but he hasn't."

She stopped with a little hurt feeling in her throat as she started for the cloak rack. And there in the door stood Steve. He had heard her, she knew, but somehow she didn't care. And then came his voice, with Tuttle backed to the wall staring at them.

"We're leaving New York Saturday. I meant to tell you, Helen, I bought two tickets on a through trip home."

TABLE FEMKS
Of every kind—large and small in size—splendid in shape, can be selected at The Mountain City Floral Shop. Always the best in flowers for the table decorations. Flowers for the sick—Stork bouquets—corsages—and flowers for the "only girl" are here in splendid assortment. Store, 313 Monroe St. Phone 688-J.—Adv.

A SMASH UP
Sometimes accidents will happen to the most careful motor car drivers—but no matter how serious the damage we are prepared to do the repair work. Our plant is modern, we employ master mechanics only, who are experts in this particular business. You pay for what you get and you get what you pay for—understand? Liberty Garage Company, Merchant St. Phone 590.—

The Story Lady

"Mamma! Ma-mah! Make Peter leave our play-house alone!"

This was from Patty, and as no sound came from the house Peter pushed over a box that formed part of the wall of the house the twins were building.

The twins waited for no more but with wild howls flung themselves on Peter. It was Peter's turn to yell for help and he lost no time.

"Mamma, you make these kids leggo my hair. I never done nothing to their 'ol house. Ouch! Mamma!"

As there was still no sound from the house they stopped fighting and went to see about it. Generally, their fight brought mamma to the scene at once.

"Where's mamma?" they demanded of Jane who was dusting.

"I don't know but I just have the baby asleep and if you wake him there will be trouble."

The children tip-toed through the house and no trace of mamma could they find so they sought Norah in the kitchen.

"I don't know," said Norah sourly in answer to their question, "but I expect she's run off. I would if I had three kids that cut-up like you kids do. Why I knew a woman once that

ROMANCES of a SUMMER GIRL

By ZOE BECKLEY
(Copyright, 1915, N. E. A.)

(Dorothy, aged 26, is spending the summer at Lively Beach, having staked her job and \$500 savings on the chance of winning a suitable husband during the summer. These are her letters home to Joan, her chum.)

Lively Beach Hotel—Wednesday.

I guess * * * Time is busy.

My dear Joan:
I must write my heart out to you or burst * * * I know you will hide this letter away with my other rash ones, and that whatever I say will get no farther than that dear wise head of yours that has been my counsel since we were bare-legged kiddies together in a country town.

This, as nearly as I can remember, is what he said to me tonight—John de Gallier, violinist and artist-in-love. We were sitting in an old life-boat on the beach, silver with moonlight. De Gallier had played at the hotel, after days of beseeching by the women guests. I told him how delicious the music was.

"I played for you," he said, taking my hand so swiftly I couldn't prevent it—even if I wanted to.

The passion in his voice shook me. I commanded myself with an effort. "Where did you study—Paris?"

"Paris—Italy—Vienna—everywhere. Do you know Paris? Do you know Vienna?"

"Dorothy, forget that you are a conventionally reared American, and listen to me—to me, who knows the world as you know your little New York. I want you to see Paris—"

"Don't, please—" I broke in. "You mustn't use this tone, really. It—it terrifies me—"

"Oh, you're going to listen! Don't pose! I hate it. You are human are you not? Can't you see that I love you—that with all the place I have been, all the women I have ever met, I have never lived till now, never cared for any one of them—really?"

"Let us live! I want you to see Paris as I know it—the Alexandre bridge with the sunset on the golden horses, the Eiffel Tower in the mist, like a lace pyramid with its point dissolved in the clouds; the boulevard on a golden afternoon when all the world sups its wine-and-water, free and happy, watching life swirl by."

"I want you to see this moon on the Lagoon in Venice, and hear the tinkles of guitars and the calls of the gondoliers as they pole their black run off and left three kids and after a while their dad got tired of takin' care of 'em and got 'em a step-ma and she sure made 'em toe the mark. Some one seen the woman a long time after and asked her what made her do it. She said that the kids just fought so much that she had to get out or go crazy."

The children went quietly out on the porch and sat side by side in the swing. They were too scared to even cry.

They burst into wild sobs however when mamma appeared about five minutes later, and she had hard work explaining to them that she had been to call on a sick neighbor.

"Mamma," said Prissy, hugging her till she almost choked her, "would you run off an' leave us even if we were just awful bad?"

"Of course not," said mamma. But Peter shook his head soberly. "Let's not give her a chance to go. If just thinkin' she was gone was so bad what would it be like if she really was to go?"

—Helen Carpenter Moore.

Worthington

Surprise Donation Party.

Mr. and Mrs. George W. Andrews entertained a large number of friends on Saturday evening by giving a donation party for the benefit of Mrs. Mattie Smith whose husband was a victim of the flu last fall. Mrs. Smith was the recipient of many valuable presents.

Those present were Georgia Barbe, Ada Brumage, E. L. Billings, Ben, Will, Messenger, Della Smith, Maudie Springston, C. R. Atha, Elizabeth Wood, Ella Taggart, Gertrude Cochran, W. W. Leonard, Gertrude Bryan, Darlie Martin, Fred Billings, Lea, Etta Robinson, Janie Kunz, H. B. Berdine, Zoia B. Sturm, Ola Oakes, Mary M. Martin, Audra Wood, Florence Petrick, Chas. E. Parish, Ora Mason, Blanche McDaniel, F. M. Sharp, Z. G. Talkington, Mrs. Ella Halbritter and Miss Vanda Halbritter, of Keyser, W. Va., the mother and sister of Mrs. Andrews; Misses Olive Morgan, Bessie and Ethel Davis, Maxine Barbe, Maxine Oakes, Pauline Smith, Helen Leonard, Maxine and Genevieve Andrews, and Mary Harrison, the latter of Enterprise; Bryan Jones, of Enterprise; Marcus Barbe, Ray Smith, Lynchford Snoderly and Ralph Wood.

Death of an Infant.
A two-months-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Q. H. Martin died on Tuesday morning at 4 o'clock. Funeral services will be held on Wednesday afternoon and interment will be made at Enterprise at 3 o'clock p. m.

Road Work.
The Keely Contracting company has completed the work of concreting the road bed for the M. V. T. Co., and the town has taken up the brick on the street and are now ready for the contractor for the paving to get busy. We understand the Grant district work will be completed in one more day and then the work in the town will be resumed.

Personals.
Misses Genevieve and Doris Parish left for Denbo, Pa., near Brownsville, where they will spend their vacation visiting their cousin, Mrs. Warren Anglin.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed. McDougal were week end visitors with Mrs. McDougal's father, U. G. Stiller, near Kilarm. Mr. and Mrs. William Evans, of Monongah, were visiting with Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Martin on Tuesday. Mr. Evans recently returned from France where he was in the service with the British army.

Misses Jettie Barnes and Jessie Christie, of Fairmont, were guests of Miss Georgia McDaniel on Sunday. Mrs. Agnes Kelley, of Fairmont, was a Sunday visitor with Mr. and Mrs. A. J. McDaniel.

Mr. and Mrs. Warren Anglin and son, Warren, Jr., of Brownsville, Pa., were visiting Mr. and Mrs. Chas. E. Parish at the "Ark" on Sunday. They were accompanied by Mr. Parish's sisters, Mrs. Wesley Work and Miss Mollie Parish, of Kingmont.

Joshua H. Holbert, of near Kilarm, was a business caller here on Tuesday.

Edgar Bock, of Farmington, was visiting relatives here on Tuesday.

Thos. T. Hay, of Briscoe, was a business caller here on Monday.

Lorenzo D. Smith, of near Wyatt, was a business visitor here recently. Miss Clarice Oakes was a week end visitor with Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Cain on Harter Hill.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Gilmer, of Festus, were callers in town on Tuesday.

Osgood's
for
Quality

Simple Styles or the
Most Luxurious
Imaginable in
SUITS



They are Now Offered in the
New Fall Displays

THERE seems to be no reason why the women of the coming season need not be as lovely as they wish in the attractive suits which are now ready in Osgood's stocks. The styles are richer, if anything, than have ever been created and blended with them are soft, luxurious yet serviceable materials bearing new names such as peach bloom, rayoner, tinsel-tone, and the ever present men's wear serges and tricotine. Plentiful are the models in navy and black, but brown in many tones is to be a greatly favored color. Trimmings of fur not only on collar and cuffs but all around the hem of the coat or set into panels will be a noticeable attraction. It is also interesting to note the range of skirt lengths which are anywhere from 32 to 40 inches. Briefly, there is great opportunity for one to be properly suited with an Osgood Suit.

Priced Thirty-Nine Fifty to
One Hundred Dollars

Elks to Play a Ball Game Here

Incident to the meeting of the State Association of Elks a baseball game will be played between teams representing Clarksburg and Fairmont Elks. Both are permitted to secure all the "rangers" they desire and there is no all-Elk restriction as to the ball game.

A delegation of Fairmont Elks went to Mannington Lodge of Elks last evening. Mannington will turn out in goodly numbers, being headed by the Mannington Elks' band.

WALKING THE PLANK.
This may be done safely enough if the plank comes from our large stock of lumber. And when you are ready to build you will find here all kinds of materials—Lumber, Roofing, Sash, Doors, Wall Board, etc., ready for quick delivery to you. John M. Kline & Bro. Lumber Co., Phone 127-R.

YOUR CATARRH MAY LEAD TO CONSUMPTION

Dangerous to Use Treatment for Only Temporary Relief.

There is a more serious stage of Catarrh than the annoyance caused by the stopped-up air passages, and other distasteful features. The real danger comes from the tendency of the disease to continue its course downward until the lungs become affected, and then drugged consumption is on your path.

Your own experience has taught you that the disease cannot be cured by sprays, inhalers, atomizers, jellies and other local applications.

S. S. S. has proven a most satisfactory remedy for Catarrh because it goes direct to its source. Get a bottle today, begin the only logical treatment that gives real results. For free medical advice write Medical Director, S. S. S. Laboratory, Atlanta, Ga.

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DOINGS OF THE DUFFS—(TOM HAD A BARREL OF LUCK)—BY ALLMAN.

